

THE



ISSUE 4 VOLUME 41

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Hockey, Hockey, Greatest Game in the Land:

Devin Morse - I hate space

F. "FSTEWZ" Stewart-Taylor - not my cup of destiny

Jonathan Gardner - carpe life by the balls

Grace Willey - someday you've got to cut the umbilical cord

B Corfman - on ice, the rules of society don't apply

Isaiah Mann - oh, oh oh oh

Amy Deyerle-Smith - I will hug you to eternity

Colin Eldridge - on a scale of one to ten, how is your meditation technique?

Jesse Ide - make sure you only trust your doctor about estrogen imbalances

McKenna Cely - answer?

James Hardwidge and co. who randomly wandered in for a few minutes - heeeeeyyyy

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu or F. Stewart-Taylor, box 1092

Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Front cover & Playbadger by F. Stewart-Taylor
Back cover by Devin Morse

Lies by Devin Morse

EDITORIAL

F. Stewart-Taylor

Hey Omen-ites! Welcome to another thrilling issue of your favorite campus publication. If this isn't your favorite campus publication, fuck you. This go round we are doing a special Halloween thrill ride, so there's lots of great stuff... make sure you... keep an EYE out! In the mean time, hard on the heels of midterm self evals for firsties, here's an editorial that goes out to all you average *pupils*...

So you've realized that you're doomed to a life of mediocrity! This could be the point where you could double down, get motivated, and start putting in the work to be good at what you love. Alternately, you could consign yourself to pure, glorious mediocrity. This may be the first time you've considered a future in mediocrity, or this may be a reoccurring personal fixation. Either way, there are plenty of ways to pursue mediocrity. Try to find the one that's acceptable for you.

Mediocrity in the workplace is an American favorite from Poor Richard's Almanac providing helpful hints for slacking farmers to Arthur Miller. If you've ever planned your funeral, and if you're clear on the distinctions between men and pieces of fruit, perhaps a career as a traveling hosiery salesman could be right for you. If you're into commissions based sales, so your salary will truly reflect your mediocrity, you could take a page from David Mamet, and GlenGarry-GlenRoss your way to lack of success. Remember, coffee is for closers. Use your addictions as a form of performance review. You may feel drawn to such histrionic careers as fast food management, or even fast food itself. For the truly mediocre, be advised that these positions do not impart an adequate shame to tedium ratio. You might supplement it with a hobby combining the best elements of obsessive attention to detail and complete insignificance may be an adequate mediocrity supplement, if it provides a real sense of

purpose despite its obviously trivial qualities. Stamp collecting, owning a surprising but not inordinate number of cats, editing The Omen, or arguing on the internet about feminism may serve this function suitably.

Should you achieve personal satisfaction in your place of work despite your best efforts and the best efforts of your employers, you might pursue mediocrity in your intimate relationships. Obviously, a romantic relationship may provide plenty of comfort which is too familiar to part with and nagging doubts about if something better for you might exist. If you have a successful romantic relationship, or have no desire for one, do not despair. Still available to you is the mediocre avenue of unsatisfying friendships. Whether through close connections strained by the pressure of intimacy and misunderstanding or through a whirling gaggle of close-yet-distant acquaintances, a mediocre friendship can provide as much, if not more, tepid unpleasantness than a romantic entanglement.

Of course, should you want to stave off the crippling sense of mediocrity, and contribute something truly worthwhile to society, there's always contributing to The Omen! Send your dumb crap to omen@hampshire.edu, and we will publish the everloving hell out of it, if it has your name on it and is not illegal. The Omen is an excellent venue for fairly average friendships, so you should come to layouts, alternate Thursdays, in the Merrill Basement! Next layout is October 31st, so come in costume! But not, like, a freaky costume. Maybe like a halfassed one from party city. Keep it average, people!

Love, Your Editrix,

F Stewz

(PS, JLash, I know your executive assistant read my last editorial. Make it snappy with the pizza and reforms to Bon Appetit's wasteful, stupid policy on display foods, genius)

Section:

Speak

Campus Gazebo Culture: Why I sometimes forget that smoking is a fucking stupid idea

by Amanda Causman

Okay, I'm going to clarify that statement up front because I'm sure it's alienating a hefty percentage of Omen readers: smoking is a fucking stupid idea for me*. I generally value my lung health and the idea of a long life expectancy, but hey, maybe you're like Bruce Willis in that movie where he can't die (no, not the one where he's dead—the Samuel L. Jackson one with the train crash). I'm not even going to mention things like cultural appropriation

cough American Spirits *cough*, fuel for the economic and political domination of the 1%

cough Big Tobacco *cough*, or the institution upon which America was founded a.k.a. the biggest atrocity committed by humankind

cough SLAVERY *cough*. So I lied, I did mention those things...but I really hated it because 1) I hate coughing (obviously not a smoker), 2) this knowledge will not reverse your 2-pack a day habit and 3) It's none of my business how you treat your body.

*I should mention my father is a lung doctor

Nevertheless, I sometimes forget my thoroughly ingrained beliefs about carcinogenic fumes because I see how happy and close you guys all are sitting in your respective Gazeboes (Gazebos? You decide). I'm jealous of your cozy little nooks all around campus and the way you insulate yourselves from the world with cool conversation and great billows of smoke.

The best part is anyone can join the club... so long as they too enjoy inhaling clouds of cancer. I mean, I hear you out there playing guitar and singing and reading poetry and talking philosophy and I'm like, "Damn, I wish I smoked, because that seems like a cool fucking scene." I could theoretically roll up to the Gazebo for a chat, but I would feel incredibly strange not partaking in the ritual of the cancer-stick. Smoking is a shared social experience that fosters camaraderie: "Oh, you smoke Reds, me too! BFFS4LYFE!!" Well, perhaps the exchange would be a bit more sophisticated and hipster-ish, but essentially, the friends who smoke together stay together.

I was recently struck by the power of instantaneous connection that can spark between two strangers linked only by this shared habit. Waiting for the bus in Northampton, I watched passively as a thin James Dean wannabee inquired if a random passerby had a light. The girl he addressed paused, ruffled through her massive leather bag, and by god! she extracted her pink bic. A wide smile stretched across his taught face as he made eye contact and tilted inward, moving toward her outstretched hand. The powerful intimacy of the gesture had linked them inextricably. Because of this shared vice, the paths of two independent human experiences converged for a brief, albeit meaningful, moment in time.

The unity of Hampshire's smoking community and the bond between strangers formed from a shared rejection of what society says is healthy has caused me to reconsider why so many young people are smoking on campus. Of course, addiction, stress-relief, and "general bad-ass-y-ness" are not factors to be discounted,

but the social component is likely the most significant reason why students on campus either start smoking for the first time here or substantially increase the amount of cigarettes they consume.

Gazebo culture has also shown me that there is a certain virtue in the community of smokers, but the act of smoking itself will always remain a deathly serious vice.

Prioritizing new connections and friendships over the truth behind such eye-roll inducing statements as "smoking causes cancer," and "that shit will kill you" works for a very short interval in our young lives. We are young and we do feel invincible, our bodies bounce back with remarkable efficiency from a myriad of crazy, fucked up and stupid adventures, all in time for a 9am Monday class!! The sad reality is that we can't stay superhuman Bruce Willis forever. When our life choices finally catch up with us, which they inevitably will, they are going to hit harder than a mack truck colliding with Mr. Glass.



from Jesse Ide

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Ian Sloan

Margaret Cerullo

CSI 152T: Social Movements and Social Change: Zapatismo & Latin America's Third Left
12 December 2012

Anarchism in Zapatismo

Many of the principles, tactics and strategies of the Zapatistas are shared or resonate with those of anarchism and communism.ⁱ Much of Zapatismo overlaps with anarchism. From the style of the Zapatista revolution, the structure of Zapatista governance, the rejection of capitalism and neoliberalism, and even to shared symbolism, Zapatismo and anarchism have much in common. In analysing the Zapatista Revolution from the 1994 uprising to the present, one can observe and conclude that the Zapatista movement is effectively an anarchist movement.

In the style of its revolution, the Zapatistas are very anarchist. The typical style of a Marxist revolution is to seize state power and implement socialism in a workers' state or a dictatorship of the proletariat, depending on what kind of variant of socialism the movement is. The Zapatista Rebellion didn't conform to this pattern. In the beginning of the uprising in 1994, the Zapatistas ambitioned on seizing Mexico City. This was soon recognised to be an impossible feat, given the resources of the EZLN (Ejército Zapatista de Liberación Nacional – Zapatista Army of National Liberation). In part due to that, and in part due to the CCRI's knowledge of revolutionary history, the Zapatistas chose not to attempt to seize state power.

It happens that this aberration to the modern Marxist revolutionary formula coincides with anarchism's revolutionary formula. Nearly every anarchist theory of revolution is based on revolution from the bottom up. The destruction of capitalism is the immediate sublimation of the means of production into collective property by those who operate those means of production

themselves. This form of social revolution doesn't see as necessary the conquest of the state for the management of this process, but asserts the annihilation of the state and the replacement of the state by governance by federated communities and a global economy managed democratically.

ii The anarchist formula of revolution assumes that people themselves will perform the social revolution themselves. It also assumes that the concentration of state power into the hands of a revolutionary council is a dangerous thing. The Zapatistas did not seize state power, but remained in Chiapas and made a region their own, based on an anarchist structure.ⁱⁱⁱ

A fundamental element of zapatismo which relates directly with left-marxism and anarchism is the Zapatista Good Government Junta System. In 2003, the Zapatistas created independently a governance system throughout Zapatistas territory. The Good Government Juntas are based throughout the region in five spaces called caracoles (conch shells).^{iv} The Juntas are composed of two members of every autonomous municipality. Their powers allow them to make agreements with NGOs from outside and manage and maintain the domestic sphere. Representatives in the Juntas are rotated every 10-15 days, eliminating the potential of corruption by enabling a great extent of accountability, and it also "foster grassroots participation."^v This not only resonates with anarchism, but even informs anarchist theory what an anarchist society should look like. The rotation of delegates is an intrinsic component of any anarchist project.^{vi} The local development projects begun in the 1994 uprising have been allowed greater coordination and planning by the Juntas. The scale of the projects have grown from "collective gardening patches, rabbit raising, beekeeping, candle making, ... locally controlled schools" &c. to "boot-making and textile-weaving cooperatives ... and the regional autonomous secondary school in the highlands center of Oventik." The projects were built on the indigenous tradition of a community labour tax, "a pool of person-days of labor to which each family contributed."^{vii} The initiation of these projects is an example of the anarchist mode of organisation. The community labour tax, although in this case is an indigenous tradition, has been an anarchist idea. For unwanted work, shared labour is often proposed as the solution.^{viii}

The anti-capitalism of the Zapatistas is shared by anarchism. The observation of the Zapatistas that capitalism is a system of exploitation and plunder is an anarchist understanding of anarchism. The words of a Zapatista explaining what capitalism is could be the words of an anarchist: Capitalism is a social system, a way in which a society goes about organizing things and people, and who has and who has not, and who gives orders and who obeys. In capitalism, there are some people who have money, or capital, and factories and stores and fields and many things, and there are others who have nothing but their strength and knowledge in order to work. In capitalism, those who have money and things give the orders, and those who only have their ability to work obey.^{ix}

The critique of the state and political parties by the Zapatistas comes from the experience that the Zapatistas have had with the Mexican government. After consistent betrayal by the Mexican government regardless of what party was in power has allowed the Zapatistas and the indigenous in Chiapas to observe firsthand the honesty of the state. The Zapatistas understand that the Mexican government is an instrument of neoliberalism, and that it would perform those functions regardless of what party controlled the executive. This is part of why the EZLN's Other Campaign rejected electoral politics.

The tradition of rebellion that has grown in the Zapatista revolution in these 18 years with the women the natures and ideas of those growing up in these years greatly. The value that is placed on rebellion among the Zapatistas is clear in observing the feminists of Chiapas. The feminists conclude that the right to rebel and change traditions is an acceptable part of their traditions. This tradition of rebellion has occurred many times before. In Spain, the strong and vibrant movement from the later 19th century to the beginning of the fascist regime of Franco was perhaps the peak of intensity in anarchist history. This movement achieved such strength that it resulted in a popular revolution which swept over Spain almost as fast as the fascist rebellion. What made this movement strong was the legacy and tradition of anarchism that was passed through generations. Considering the conditions of Mexico in the 21st century, it's likely that the Zapatistas will be able to go further than the Spaniards.

Considering this, it is not hard to say that the Zapatista movement is an anarchist movement. The quick sympathy of anarchists for Zapatistas is easy to understand when Zapatismo and anarchism are closer cousins than Marxism and anarchism. It is also easy to understand why Zapatismo is anarchist when considering that the assumptions, principles, and conclusions of anarchism are those of they who are exploited, ignored, refused, persecuted, and forgotten.

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FROM
B.
ANDERSON



DEEP
RADIO
HOUR
WEB

Ms. October



Playbadger:
for the Gentleman Muscidaeophile

languid longing

by Raph Fineberg

A boy coughs, exhaust pipes follow, a warm hum clouding the concrete like faint lava. One aspirin would do the trick, and refuting that fact would be to doubt the utmost credibility of late night infomercials, and not just the ones where women who wear their skin like purses gloat about the therapeutic effects of ornate dildos.

He'd really like to see it. The hiss that small white pill makes when submerged in water. It reminded him of Beth's tooth, the one she'd carefully remove every night and dip in a sea shelled receptacle, she'd won it as a girl, filled with what he can now only remember as gush. Upon lodging back the tooth inside my gums, she said, all of my pink tingles. He never understood his grandma.

All day, he'd ridden the subway, carefully noticing the way people's eyelids rolled up when the men who'd mentioned an overarching karmic justice and the tender gaze of jesus in between sweat brimmed appeals for a few cents or a sandwich grazed their knees on the way down the wagon, curtains unwinding, the metallic beast digesting with every step. He'd lost himself in the brush of the marbled curve of fingers against lips. The ride, the shivaree of the tracks and guts of carbon spewing into tunnels filled him. A sense of calm, like a speckle drowning in thermal noise, like a ride through the static snow of an analog television on a stormy night. When fast, space became sound, the bend of the world and the horizon continuously flowing, a line piercing every one of us and dragging us along, some type of invisible all encompassing skewer.

But now he didn't feel so full anymore. Motivational posters screamed: "Fill what's empty, empty what's full, scratch where it itches."

His head ached, mourning the void left behind by a word he could no longer think of. The contour of the letters closing in on what

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used to be. Yeah, one aspirin would do the trick.

The velvet neon of the sign pinned on the top of Gordo Swanky's Palate Palace, an old delicatessen specializing in all things plain, unconcerned in intent and sluggish in delivery, only read ordo wan, and this he noticed from the marinade of a couch not so swanky itself, moored alongside two trash bins and one orphaned microwave.

Oh, microwave, down on one knee, unconcerned with its lack of knees, bruised and hollowed (and was the steel truly stainless?), still craving at a go, knowing only lonely, pre-packaged soups and Cousin Flanders' "finger licking" popcorn chicken, a distant cousin at best and swollen fingers at worst, knowing nothing.

From the trenches of the couch, having long ago turned away from the languor of Swanky's lettering (he surely wouldn't let himself be told to order anything, especially not if told in a Jamaican inflection, whether this be the result of uncontrollable and incessant short-circuiting or pure laze), he now lay back in this decaying bean bag, a keen bog, and out of the blue, the blues.



Me and My Deep Obsession

by Isaiah Mann

This will be the most boring confessional of all time. I have a massive buying obsession. I'd love to employ the term "Shopaholic," but Sophie Kinsella already has it copyrighted. Nonetheless, I cannot quell my urge to consume. Perhaps, I am the ideal American. Sadly, I only own one gun, and it's a very tiny caliber at that (it's also registered to my mother). Furthermore, I only have a moderate interest in McDonald's and reality TV. The real question is: where am I getting my stereotypes of Americans? The fake question is: how far back does my buying obsession go?

I've been a "Shopaholic" (copyright Sophie Kinsella) since a young age, when I persuaded my mothers to buy copious amounts of Thomas the Tank Engine. Not even the lethargic DVD's: I tossed my family's money away on wooden trains and tracks. I still have those trains; they'll pass to my greatgreat grandchildren (who will be cyborgs and use the wood for fuel). Nonetheless, I look back on those trains and see the beginning of a disturbing cycle: The joy of the purchase, the buyer's remorse, rinse and repeat. And it didn't end with wooden trains by any means, though as consumerism will it got increasingly more frivolous.

Next it was the plastic wonder toys: Playmobil and Lego. Such lovely things, so many more hundreds gone. So many of chewed up by family dogs. Still these toys were entertaining in their own right, and sparked a myriad of constructive debates over whose toy had an impenetrable shield. The answer: none of them did. Impenetrable shields don't exist, even in imaginary play; superhuman movement and freedom from gravity are totally valid though.

Still, I learned a lot of conflict resolution through Legos and Playmobil. But then came the Pokémon cards.

Pokémon cards were the bane of my existence. I was never particularly good at the actual game. I had terrible luck with the booster packs. That didn't stop me from throwing my life savings (of age 13) away on them though. The lowest point was when I repeatedly bought fake Pokémon cards in Chinatown, NY. Though I may never recover from this pinnacle of frivolity, I eventually worked past my Pokémon addiction (only to later replace it with Magic: thanks, Hampshire).

But then came the final and worst obsession of all: technology (it is the digital age after all). Laptops: I have three. iPads: I've bought two (and dropped both many times). Smartphones: Windows 7 phone anyone? Only to be quickly replaced with the iPhone 4s (who likes tiles?). I also dabbled in professional photography, in so much as I bought a really expensive camera (Nikon D5000). I then bought a Macro lens and took really artistic pictures of flower petals. And of course, the three PS3's. Also a very dark moment. But who doesn't need a PS3 in every room? Only people who enjoy fresh air. Now I have reached the modern day, in which I am nothing but an overprivileged, arrogant Div1. I live in such squalor, with my copious amounts of technology. But as any therapist could tell me it brings me no joy. Most of my joy still comes from buying new things, be they 24 Packs of "Cup of Noodles," the aforementioned Magic cards, or even Sharpie pens (they may be terrible but they're my kind of terrible: Pretentious and Imprecise). So what comes next? Well, I'll probably go buy a couple more iPads and iPhones, or maybe I'll reach some sort of buying catharsis. The only way to determine my path is to read every Sophie Kinsella novel ever written. I best get to it.

1. What are Hampshire students called?
A completely unscientific survey by Devin
Morse

2. <http://www.surveymonkey.com/s/VNM626Z>
3. What is the most common term you use to address Hampshire students?

Hampshire students	19.05%	4
Hampshire people	14.29%	3
Hampies	14.29%	3
Hampshirites	4.76%	1
Hampsters	42.86%	9
Shirefolk	4.76%	1

Other responses: Nik; All you; Babes

4. What is the most common term you use to refer to Hampshire students?

Hampshire students	33.33%	7
Hampshire people	19.05%	4
Hampies	4.76%	1
Hampshirites	0%	0
Hampsters	38.10%	8
Shirefolk	4.76%	1

Other responses: Babes; Social Justice warriors

5. What are the terms you most often hear other Hampshire students use when addressing Hampshire students?

Hampshire students	61.90%	13
Hampshire people	38.10%	8
Hampies	61.90%	13
Hampshirites	9.52%	2

Hampsters	80.95%	17
Shirefolk	14.29%	3
Other responses: Babes; hampy (singular), dudes		

6. What are the terms you most often hear other Hampshire students use when referring to Hampshire students?

Hampshire students	66.67%	14
Hampshire people	52.38%	11
Hampies	47.62%	10
Hampshirites	0%	0
Hampsters	85.71%	18
Shirefolk	9.52%	2

Other response: Babes; CampHamp

7. Are there any terms you've heard commonly used that are not listed here?

People at Hampshire
Babes, babes, beautiful people
Pretentious douchebags
those dirty hippies
CampHamp

**www.circa-1995.com
submitted by Chandler
Landow**





















SECTION: HATE

Pandemic Within the Colossus by Connor Doyle

There is a pandemic within the colossus
And it's chewing away my spine.

Every little salamander
Has dreams of being three.
But don't think that I'm indifferent
To fish who cry for tea.

Fifty thousand fireflies
Are sucking up my soul.
But if you offer me Nutella
I'll be a happy fowl.

?if I can.

??or maybe?..

.....I can hardly fumigate my home let alone
fly.

Flip, flop, frickity, eekk
Can I make a candle
For seven sunless nights of mauve.

What can I say?..

Its going my way?.

Ooh, I spelled Its wrong..its actually IT's

Apostrophes are a thing?

Maybe?

But can it be?

That I can see..

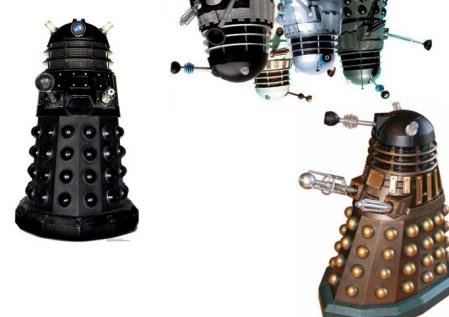
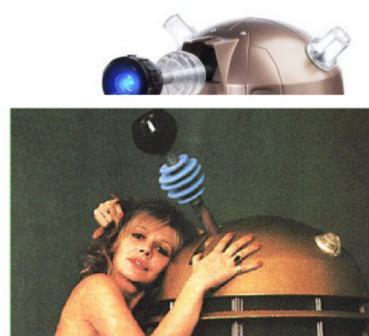
Eventually?

My sister likes to cha cha
But she's not allowed
Cause each situation she finds frustration
Within a gloomy cloud.

But if you diamond your diamonds
And I diamond the diamonds of your diamonds
Then Diamond can diamond my diamond of
diamonds and diamonds
Diamonds of and or diamonds and diamonds.

Chutney can gut me
When I scream of eating shoes.
I want to sing one more ditty today
But hey, the government won't pay:
Their way to say
Sasquash.

What the fuck am I saying?



from
B.
Anderson

ODE TO YOU

By Maia Holloway

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I love your intellect that is so tastefully entwined with humor (You're killing me)

I love your caring nature and your unshaved scruff (You're too much)

I love how you awkwardly move your arms and hands as you speak so passionately about your thoughts

(YOU'RE BRILLIANT)

I love how you don't believe in God but don't flaunt it (Why bother)

I love how you went to Harvard but don't stated every minute of every day (Those Assholes)

I love your crisp attire that doesn't match your cool demeanor (You're Sexy)

I love your ice blue eyes that hold years of wisdom (Talk to me)

I love your glasses and how you don't look your age or even act it (You peer into my soul)

I love how you know just what I want to hear (Tell it again)

I love the mix tape and how it gave me butterflies (Spoon's The Delicate Place)

I wonder how you haven't settled yet (You're perfect)

I wonder how you act in bed (I want you)

I wonder if you ever thought of me (Please, please please....)

ALSO FROM B. ANDERSON



Nonsense and Unrequited Love

by Isaiah Mann

March 10, Some Future Year

The soldiers trudged through the deep, wet snow. Their journey had been long and hard. They had trecked far, through a mountain pass to make the muster point. Now, they were so close to HQ. But then they arrived at a ruined town, each soldier began a long series of unnecessary flashbacks. But, there was one soldier who fast forwarded through his flashbacks. While the rest of his squad stared vacantly off into space, he began to explore the rubble. As he picked through the ash and dirt, he stumbled across a charred lockbox. The soldier cursed, and kicked at the box. He glanced back at his squad, they still had the spaced looks of reminiscence.

The soldier tugged at the handle. The box did not budge. He set it down and shot the lock. Even the crack of his rifle didn't awaken the soldiers from their flashbacks. The soldier, let's call him Fiddlesworth opened the ruined box. Inside was a series of pages, written in a messy, adolescent scrawl. The soldier contemplated them; there was little to read on the march. He despised Ernest Hemingway novels, so he pried the document out of the lockbox and tucked them into his coat. His sergeant, awakening from a painful memory of minigolfing began barking orders. The soldier hurried back to his squad. They returned to their hurried march.

April 17, Same Future Year

The soldier, Fiddlesworth, sat in the outpost. The binoculars and radio, tokens of his sentry duty lay forgotten by his side: he was engrossed in the page. He poured over them with vigor:

I met her in my sophomore year of high school. She was beautiful. And she never even noticed me. Well, maybe that's not quite true. We were in the same tiny acting class, but in my melodramatic version of things, she never noticed me. And from that moment until graduation, I was infatuated with her.

The soldier was so intently focused on the page, he entirely disregarded the enemies sneaking by his watchtower. He continued to read, his long-supressed love of Romance Novels finally let loose.

She had a style all her own. At once hipster and punk. I admired her style, before I even knew quite what it was. The combination was deadly. But it wasn't merely her style of dress but also her personality

Fiddlesworth started: the alarm bell was ringing vigorously. He grabbed up his rifle and hurried down the ladder of the outpost, clutching the diary under his arm. As he hurried towards field HQ, he continued to read.

She was at once the manicpixie dream girl and the quirky artist. I was captured by her cheery spirit, and dramatic proclamations, eg. her undying love for Beyoncé.

Fiddlesworth frowned as he ran, in whatever future year this was, Beyoncé was a long forgotten name (though Sarah Palin was still remembered for staging an unsuccessful coup in 2016). Fiddlesworth shook his head; he banished all thoughts of this Beyoncé character and The Great Sarah Palin Uprising from his mind. He continued to sprint towards the source of the bell and the shouts of enemy soldiers. There were twelve of them attacking the camp, but the soldiers had been lulled to sleep by a stupendous batch of hot chocolate and were therefore unable to defend themselves properly. Fiddlesworth continued to read as his countrymen were slaughtered by the dozens:

And yet, for all my adoration, I could hardly approach her. I can easily count the number of conversations we had with each other, maybe

even on a single hand. There was the time at the Supermarket

Fiddlesworth ducked the swing of an enemy lightsabre (copyright The Guy Who Ruined Indiana Jones) and fired with his rifle. Just then, an enemy jumped him from behind and knocked him unconscious, though as Fiddlesworth fainted, he tucked the diary safely back into his coat

April 21, Same Lazily Undefined Future Year

Fiddlesworth walked at the head of the line of prisoners of war. His feet were chained to his countrymen, but they had left his hands free to read:

Then, we had the two line conversation in Intro to Photography that one time. And the longest conversations of all, when we worked as Scene Partners in Acting. Such glorious moments of awkward monologuing and

The group of prisoners stumbled as Fiddlesworth turned the page. They nearly fell off the narrow ravine upon which they travelled, but Fiddlesworth having successfully turned his page, righted them.

May 3, Why Would It Be the Next Year Already?

Fiddlesworth sat in prison. In a crowded cell. Apart from his friendly, charismatic fellow prisoners, the diary was his only comfort in behind bars:

giving stilted acting feedback. I'll cherish those moments always, even if I gave the worst rendition of "All The World's A Stage" ever. Still, she looked upon me with her kind eyes, but never in the way in which I wished

Fiddlesworth frowned. The Prison Warden had switched off the lights at 8:00 pm. This could not stand. Fiddlesworth's face burned with rage. He was suddenly imbued with a great strength. He ripped the bars out of the cell. He and his comradesinarms ran from the jail. As

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Fiddlesworth dodged guard dogs and sniper fire, he continued to read:

She would never see me as I saw her. Maybe it was because I avoided every chance to talk to her, or because I was tiny in high school. But regardless, I was comforted in the fact that I would never face rejection because I never mustered an ounce of courage to confess my feelings

Fiddlesworth and his surviving comrades clambered free of the prison walls to sweet freedom. Fiddlesworth contemplated the diary, but decided to hijack a car, and then read more while escaping from enemy forces.

June 15, Still The Same Year

Fiddlesworth stood detachedly onstage. Next to him, the President of the United States: Obama 3.0 stood, holding a Medal of Honor. Apart from freeing his comrades from jail, Fiddlesworth had also captured the enemy dictator, secured the capital, and deactivated the enemy's WMDs, all while reading the diary. Now he stood in front a crowd of millions, clutching that very same diary.

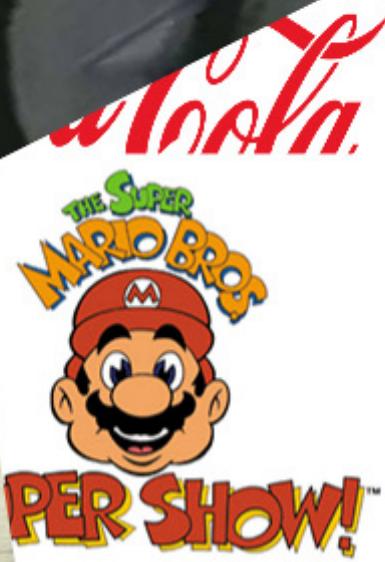
Obama 3.0 slipped the medal of honor around his neck, the crowd cheered, Fiddlesworth read:

Still, she will always be remembered as my penultimate high school crush. Never entirely forgotten. Though it doesn't help when she keeps popping up, eg. at my graduation. How dare she be my friend, when I'm still hellbent on trying to hid my existence from her. One day, I shall disappear into obscurity and fully regain that unrequited love. One day.









**GUESS WHO?
B. ANDERSON!**

BAM WRITING

Amy Deyerle-Smith

1. It has been determined that we need more dumb written stuff.
2. I have decided that my life won't be complete until I write and publish something immature and embarrassing, so that I can look back at it in my fourth year and go "Look at how much I've grown as a person!" (Alternately, "I am going to steal a TARDIS and kill my former self with fire.")

Since I'm exhausted and have a headache and still need to watch today's Colbert, my offering to my future embarrassment is going to be a short list of statements.

- The other day, I read a PG semi-serious fanfiction about Dean Winchester being turned into an octopus, and it made my week.
- I am so indifferent to my indifference to that one person that any more indifference might be alarming.
- (I'm already a little alarmed.)
- I checked tumblr three times while trying to make this list.
- Everyone would be much happier if they spent less time reading the New

York Times and more time in the Omen office carpe-ing life by the balls.

- I read the New York Times obsessively.
- A square is a square is a square is a rectangle is not a square.
- Who needs drugs when you can eat four cider donuts and then consider a fifth
- Saga grilled cheeses are best when both warm and crunchy.
- They are worst when neither warm nor crunchy.
- Dachshunds
- Yellow snow
- /*-secure-{"response":null}*/
- Beehives
- This list needs more condensed milk.

HAPPY
HALLOWEEN
2013



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